Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.
Kate. Well haue you heard, but some thing hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.
Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and sometimes *Kate* the curst:
But *Kate*, the prettiest *Kate* in Christendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my super-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildnesse prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues spoke of, and thy beautie sounded,
Yet not so deepely as to thee belongs,
My selfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.
Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither
Remoue you hence: I Knew you at the first
You were a moueable.
Pet. Why, what's a moueable?
Kat. A ioyn'd stoole.
Pet. Thou hast hit it: come sit on me.
Kate. Asses are made to beare, and so are you,
Pet. Women are made to beare, and so are you
Kate. No such Iade as you, if me you meane
Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.
Kate. Too light for such a swaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight should be.
Pet. Shold be, should: buzze.
Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.
Pet. Oh slow-wing'd Turtle shall a buzzard take thee?
Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzzard.
Pet. Come, come you waspe, y'faith you are too angrie.
Kate. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.
Kate. I, If the foole could finde it where it lies.
Pet. Who knowes not where a Waspe does weare his sting?
In his taile.
Kate. In his tongue?
Pet. Whose tongue.

Kate. Yours if you talke of tailes, and so farewell.
Pet. What with my tongue in your taile.
Nay, come againe, good *Kate*, I am a Gentleman,
Kate. That Ile trie. *she strikes him*
Pet. I sweare Ile cuffe you, if you strike againe.
Kate. So may you loose your armes,
If you strike me, you are no Gentleman,
And if no Gentleman, why then no armes.
Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh put me in thy bookes.
Kate. What is your Crest, a Coxcombe?
Pet. A combelesse Cocke, so *Kate* will be my Hen.
Kate. No Cocke of mine you crow too like a crauen.
Pet. Nay come *Kate* come: you must not looke so sowre.
Kate. It is my fashion when I see a Crab.
Pet. Why heere's no crab, and therefore looke not sowre.
Kate. There is, there is.
Pet. Then shew it mee.
Kate. Had I a glasse, I would.
Pet. What, you meane my face.
Kate. Well aym'd of such a yong one.
Pet. Now by S. George I am too yong for you.
Kate. Yet you are wither'd.
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
Kate. I care not.
Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. In sooth you scape not so.
Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie. Let me go.
Pet. No, not a whit, I find you passing gentle:
'Twas told me you were rough, and coy, and sullen,
And now I finde report a very lyar:
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech: yet sweete as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frowne, thou canst not looke a sconce,
Nor bite the lip, as angrie wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be crosse in talke:
But thou with mildnesse entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft, and affable.
Why does the world report that *Kate* doth limpe?
Oh slanderous world: *Kate* like the hazle twig
Is straight, and slender, and as browne in hue